

# NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1880.—TRIPLE SHEET.

## IN THE FIELIGHT.

Often in this winter freight,  
While the shrill-peeped cricket sing,  
Slowly rise the quiet beech-woods,  
And the world is glad with spring.  
  
Leathers shine, and shadows flutter,  
But I see the violet leaves grow;  
Underfoot the brown leaves linger,  
And the white amomous blow.  
  
And my darling, in her coffin,  
Loves me as in days of yore,  
Thirty years have crept and faded,  
But the dead great lives once more.  
  
Wild-herb and May-flowers beckon,  
And my heart calls me to rest  
Lying beneath the swaying boughs,  
With the amomous in her breast.  
  
Night winds sigh, and snow is falling;  
But with bright light, faeries flow  
Back to how we lived and parted,  
In the spring-time years ago.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

### SEVENTEEN.

*'Ralph, you have been most imprudent.'*

*'Fanny! This from you? From me, I admit the justice of the reproach lurking in your question. I have not been unindustrious, but cruel.'*

*The slender handsome youth of seventeen who contrived her in an attitude which denoted wounded pride, yet with a face so sweet, so true to emotion which overcame the beauty of the beautiful girl who leaned toward him so passionately, and then turned his gaze, betraying at the same time the agitation of his feelings by the way he handled her dainty waist, in which an absent moment had been lost.*

*She was attired in a gown-sash. Her light-brown hair was coiled beneath one of the easiest hats ever seen in the Row. One hand, the right, was magnified. This she held out to the youth appealingly. He shrank from it as though from the approach of contagion. Suddenly, straightening herself and changing her manner, he said:*

*'Ralph, we are young; we are young.'*

*'Ah, but we are old! We are old! We are old! To Heaven I could!'*

*The bitterness of his soul disarmed her. She took his hand unwillingly toward her kissed him upon the forehead. There were tears in her regretful eyes as she did so.*

*It was her turn to appear confused. Leaving the mantelpiece upon which she had leaned she advanced toward the one bay window of the morning-room, always regarded as hers at Mablethorpe Manor, and replied, more quickly:*

*'We're right.'*

*'Ralph! We are cousins, we are not, Miss Frances Grantham! It had surely been no mere thought on your part to have read my foolish epistles!'*

*It was because I was sure there was fully beneath the cover, I thought wiser, kinder, better not to break the news. Nay, hear not! she proceeded, staying with a gentle dispensatory gesture the hot repulse which was ready to leave the boy's lips, 'not in my defense, for I have none, but in sorry explanation. It is true we are cousins, Ralph, and I deeply regret it.'*

*'Revert!'*

*'Yes, from my heart of hearts. Had we not been akin, Ralph, it is scarcely likely we should have met.'*

*'Well!'*

*'How old are you, Ralph?'*

*'You know.'*

*'I am nineteen years and eight months. And I am twenty-one.'*

*He had blushed at the mention of his age. Her voice was tremulous as she declared her.*

*'And that is your reason, Miss Grantham, for—'*

*'Do not call me Miss Grantham, Ralph. One of my reasons.'*

*'Here is another. Captain Wythburn, this is my cousin, Ralph Wace.'*

*Although there was dramatic fitness in the easy entrance of the chief reason whom Miss Grantham had apprehended at that moment was incidental. It disclosed across her mind that pride would come to the rescue of the boy, and pride did. His acknowledgment of Captain Wythburn's salvation was frank. For the instant he was a man with a man for his master. Looking the youth in the eye, from fronting exults, but without much mirth, Wythburn said:*

*'Good boy!'*

*'Fardon my intrusion, I thought you were alone.'*

*'Fardon my intrusion, and was being borne away by the force of the current. Wythburn also plied in further down, at a point where, owing to the intervention of a curve in the creek, the current was weaker.'*

*'Good boy!'*

*'Fardon my intrusion, I thought you were alone. I met him on her way to the nursery, and I promised to bring you to her. I must go and comfort her with the assurance that you will be there by and by. You will see me again, I assure you.'*

*'Yes, you shall have back, of course. Tell me to bring her to my dressing-room on her way to you.'*

*Captain Wythburn withdrew. There was no strongly perceptible change of expression as he left the room; there were a few more words, a change, and the door closed.*

*A knock for you, Miss Grantham. The messenger waits. The reply is paid. Thin young gentleman—your cousin—can I be of any service to him? He would, perhaps, like to have his horse saddled?*

*'Captain Wythburn?'*

*'Ah, Captain!'*

*'Look up!'*

*'Fan!'*

*There was no doubt about it. During his brief absence something had come to his knowledge which ruffled, possibly angered, him. Had Sir Cyril and Lady Grantham, his aunt and uncle, rallied him on the subject of Ralph Wace's romantic attachment to Fanny? The cause of the surprising explosion it was hard to guess. Drawing a deep breath, which was either an impulsive moment or a sign of relief, the boy flung away the whip, and ejaculated hoarsely:*

*'I am going.'*

*'Not like, that, Ralph. Not yet. Not until you have forgiven me.'*

*'Not like, that, to forgive you.'*

*'So much! Such disparity as there is between us is not measurable by mere years. These hollow blithes were pleasant to me until I saw how seriously you regarded them, and then I daresay you told me the truth. I was as good as you can tell me. Wythburn then, for all I could never have, compared with you, and here she smiled through the rising tears: "so forgive me!"'*

*'I am not like that, Ralph. Not yet. Not until you have forgiven me.'*

*'Not like, that, to forgive you.'*

*'A peremptory knock was followed by the instant appearance of Captain Wythburn. He handed Miss Grantham an envelope, saying at the same time that he had a message for Captain Foulton.'*

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